✦ –01– ✦

It's sad to see what I've become.
Friends create the distance.
I create the distance.
As a matter of fact, I am the distance itself.
It takes a sort of halt, a leap of faith, more like a leap of certainty than a leap of faith, because I am "certain" a chance of genuine connection is impossible, almost beautiful.
Selfish, distant, depressed, arrogant, and ontologically estranged.
Only one of these perceptions is what is reminiscently true.
I'm lying.
The truth is I do not know what to name this.
I cannot name this the “void” because even it has certain characteristics we give it, such as angst and pure darkness.
I am, on the other hand, somewhat of an unfinished character of a novel, but I can't even call it that because by character I am implying I might have had the possibility of ever existing before the world, but really my fundamental tension is deciding whether I was ever robbed of the possibility of existing before the world or if it was altogether never even thought of to assign such to me in the first place.
The author never managed to breathe much life into me, an incomplete thought.
Recoiling is all I can do.
I'm astonished.
I'm always astonished.

❖ –02–❖

I've tried finding meaning through negative space.
I know I refuse to become like my father; he's a very dependent, spiteful man, a manchild for that matter, but none of that pushes me anywhere, like I have this subtle resignation I will inevitably become like him and everyone else. I don't want to be like anyone else, and I also don't want to be me. What is this self? I can't tell whether I'm suffering or if I'm in a desirable position (the lack of anything inherently).
I don't dream anymore. I see blackness.
I don't see it. I can't see it.
I'm barren.
I'm on the outskirts of an abandoned desert.
Everyone left me all alone in this deserted state for their meaningful plans.
What secret code did they use to reach that state?
What am I doing wrong? Why can't I transcend to their plane?
Oh...I didn't realize it before, did I?
Is it because I've been ontologically denied existence the whole time?
I've been robbed of the possibility of ever existing before the world?
I've spent long enough pondering, hoping that is not the case, but the slow marching pace of time says otherwise. I'm falling through nothingness through infinite space. I am the nothingness that revolves around me. I am the center of that nothingness. I exist so it can exist. A nonexistent state. It's not a volatile whirlpool of emotions spiraling, no. Instead, it's slowly sinking; the liquid of nothingness itself is sinking, sinking into more nothingness upon nothingness, the liquid consisting of all I've

ever seen and heard in the world: snatches of music, chairs, scrambled eggs, and fragments of people's voices, all caught up in this silent sinister whirlpool.

At first, I was drowning; I've swallowed so many cups of it that I've become numb and unaware. Only later have I realized that those cups are the dissolved pieces of what I ever desired, what I thought I loved, what I thought I could love, what I thought could love me, all my desires, memories, and fears. I was actively consuming the angst; the self is the angst. I am both the liquid and the devourer of this liquid. The devourer is also a form of angst. So angst upon angst, a representation of the cycle of my entire existence, but simultaneously I've never actually revealed anything, and more so I wouldn't be coherent enough to put it into words.

✧ –03– ✧

[File Entry: 2:03 AM – Internal Log, Author Unknown]

There was once a place called Me.
It doesn't exist anymore.

All this time I've been writing, drafting, writing and drafting, as an antidote. A cure to the mundane anguish I'm forced to live through but at the same time it's the one place i know in my inner world and thus i find comfort in it.

The journey to searching for the different fragments of myself has revealed its true form to me, its true nature, their true nature.
In the flash of lightning, the moment I checked my social media, I noticed that for some abrupt reason, the people I've been interacting with all this time are not real. Yes. They were all manifestations of what I've been longing for because the distance between me and the crowd has only been growing larger each time I jot down a revelation.

Only just recently, my manifestations had decided to leave my world, no goodbye, nothing, just silence and emptiness as loud as my alarm clock.
I will never be able to put together the fragments of myself into a self that is whole. Coherence is meaningless at this point, and thus I don't have a core self, just the pieces having presented a reality-like plane just off of observing far too long of my mind's whereabouts, my thought patterns, my rhythm of breathing, the way I like my scrambled eggs, they're sadists. More like an abyss

than a sadist. Except this time the abyss has become sentient enough to construct a boldface lie to my reality.

There is no self, there are no fragments, there are no bits, no crumbs, and I wish at least it was alterations of somebody else but no. Not at all.
There are some things worth existing for, but as for me, myself, and I , that is out of question. Everything that I've spent my time and blood on is wasted and is worthless. I will never be somebody.

It sounds cliche, like a classic rant from a performative unstable teenager in his emo phase but it's horrifying to admit the truth. Well more precisely to represent the truth, but I've just now confessed the lack of self. How hypocritical and deforming of me.... how paradoxical but also coherent of me....how senseless and directionless I've become. I've dissolved. An arrow with nowhere to hit. An apple with nowhere to fall. The supposed self with nothing to call.

But is there still hope dear reader?

Well I can be anything.

As an author, I can become a king of a large expanding kingdom, because my ability allows me to, however a king cannot imagine himself as a king, because he already is.
I can be anything and everything, and thus I am nothing. No core self to call my own.

Sure I will continue to drift through spaces as if I were living, sure I will laugh as if I had a life over morning coffee with another

alteration. Because it is the only place I know, it is the only state I can conceptualize. The state of nothing and everything.

I am the cat in the box.
Shrodinger coincidentally, brought up something he thought was an advancement for science, for mankind, something he called his direction, little did he know he also created a little concept, a little cushion that i can without hesitation, jump up from my sit like an orphan being considered for adoption for the first time after 17 yrs of starvation from the warmth of a parent, he does not know the outcome.

The cat is in fact me. It's warm here. The silence is familiar. If anyone ever reads this –
I'm sorry.
Not for what I've written.
But that 's all that remains.

There was once a place called Me.
It doesn't exist anymore.

[End Entry | Draft Never Sent]

—04—

This is from a girl who has a romantic interest in me on Discord: "I swear I don't understand you, bro. I get it, u are tired and busy, I've not complained even about u not replying for 2 days bc it's ok. But why would you reply to me at the server and not here?"

I can't let her in, the monstrosity of my timid abnormal soul
There's a part of me that is so inwardly deformed, so ontologically estranged, so unfit for ordinary emotional exchange, that to let her in would be cruel to her and unbearable to me.
If she saw what I truly am, not just sad, but barren; not just quiet, but eroded, she would recoil. She would leave. And I would lose the illusion that I could ever be loved without wearing a mask.
It is not new to me
It is not the first time a girl who has romantic interest in me to said stuff to me along those lines, it always ended badly
Why is it that these girls keep confronting me? Yet it is inevitable that I'm going to be incredibly distant and hide away my monstrosity?
The universe is mocking me, knowing full well I'm going to live through this all over again falling deeper, utterly convinced that I have no chance. What a sadist, at least I have some sort of response from the universe?

○—05—○

Collective thought is stupid because it's collective.
I have a vault.
Neverending vault.
Vast.
As far as my comprehension could stretch.
Possibly
Haven't comprehended it enough to call it a vault.
Beyond ambiguity.

○—06—○

They say identity is constructed, built from the barren soil, brick by brick.
They say meaning is either discovered or constructed; rarely do they stop to think it was never situated in the first place, and it is even more unheard of to conceive the idea that any form of contemplation is the very object that stirs the pot of what we perceive as identity, vigorously churned amongst the bodies of angst.
What is...angst?
Anything that causes deflection of our self-concept
A mistake to weave identity with meaning
To be fulfilled by meaning means to have a barren internal world; at this point in time one has externalized direction. Whether or not the values are from within or outside, there is always a heavy reliance on the properties of the external world, such as a tree conceiving an apple. Just like the tree values the apple, we create values that are dependent on what we perceive in the external world.
As for identity...it comes from the realization that you are the tree itself; to put it frankly, you are in the state of becoming...is what I would say if our entire concept of identity wasn't beyond the limits of human
We are a formless
No water
Not anti-structure
Pure ambiguity—we are strands and swirls of milk in a cup of water. The most we made of it was with a toothpick, but the more we try to separate the milk, the more it dissolves; it swirls like a

bottomless whirlpool. The question here is, will you keep filtering, or will you put the toothpick down?
The tragedy…
Gaze upon the beauty.
An error we made by thinking we could choose, yet inevitable of its dissolution
Inevitable death
Ending ourselves too quickly?
The milk is angst.
We are angst.
We are the devourer and the devoured of the self.
We are only scratching the bull's-eye with the very toothpick.

✦ –07– ✦

Clouds...
Today I went outside and gazed upon the clouds.
Clouds...
They are broken and fractured amidst the sky that contains them.
Clouds...
They frighten me—how well it acts as a mirror; without them, I am not the clouds.
The comically large distance is experienced when it stares at the people on the ground, just like with everything else. Its only purpose is to watch, stare, and disappear on a sunny day.
The sun depresses the clouds. Only at night, when they are truly all alone, do they feel whole again.
Clouds…
It rains in an attempt at bearing the self to us, the cosmic horror, when all it listens to is the mad croak of the people below.
Clouds...
When it rains, we take shelter. We take shelter from its peeling. We hide. As if it is a sadistic void attempting to devour our souls. The angst and discomfort felt once it rains are unbearable.
Clouds…
It fills up wells with its rainwater and feeds villages, but only when the storm has passed; only then do we appreciate its bearing of the self, although it is no longer present to witness it.
Clouds…
I cannot conceptualize any deeper tragedy than the clouds.